

The Pocahontas Times.

If thou would'st read a lesson that will keep Thy heart from fainting and thy soul from sleep, Go to the woods and hills.—Longfellow.

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DR. O. J. CAMPBELL,
Dentist,

MONTEREY, VA.
Will visit Pocahontas county at
east twice a year. The exact date
of his visit will appear in this
paper.

DR. ERNEST B. HILL,
DENTIST,

Graduate University of Maryland.
Dentistry practiced in all its branches.

Office in 1st Nat. Bank Bldg. 2nd floor.

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T. S. McNEEL,

UP THE LINE

ON A PREACHING OUTING WITH W. T. P.

Notes by the Way From Marlinton
to Dunmore.

Saturday, August 6th, 1904,
in compliance with a request from
the session of Baxter Presbyter-
ian church at Dunmore it was
my pleasure to be at the Marlinton
station to entrain for Sitlington
on the upper Greenbrier.

The reception room was
thronged with persons, some
waiting to board the train, other
expecting the arrival of visiting
friends. Among the parties was
a young lady from Buena Vista,
Va., who had not seen me since
she was a little girl at Monterey,
Va., but had never forgotten
what nice times she had romping
with me.

Brown Yeager approached us
while recalling the former scenes
of her childhood and I inquired
if he had ever met this lady. He
gave us to understand that they
were acquaintances of forty years
standing. This brought down
the house, much to the merriment
of the young lady herself, being
considerably on the sunny side of
those figures.

While speeding along a promi-
nent citizen of Cass, who had
been down to Falling Spring,
found I was on the train and he
hunted up his baggage, at the far
end of the coach, and came and
seated himself by my side, observ-
ing he never objected to being
seen in company with me. He
had a daily paper of latest date
giving the war news that seemed
to be agreeable to us both as to
how matters were going on be-
tween the Japs and the Russians.

We seemed to be near agreement
that as to the personal merits of
the antagonizing nations, there
was not much to choose between
as both were good, bad and in-
different, yet owing to Russia's
treacherous diplomacy one's sym-
pathies would some how gravitate
toward Japan.

At Sitlington I found Mr.
Gum with the mail bag, having
instructions to see me safe and
sound to Dunmore, with all
charges provided for.

It was pleasure to have as a
travelling companion, Miss Laura
Mason of Marlinton, fresh from
the reading of the August Har-
per's and was anticipating much
pleasure at meeting attached
friends at Dunmore, where most
of her young life had been spent.

One of these friends was the
teacher from whom she had
learned to read and write. She
and I agreed in the opinion that
the rollicking versatile Dunmore
correspondent of The Times,
knew a good jolting road, when
he saw it. About the time we
passed over a few chuck places
and how come you so, it was
proposed I should hold on to the
front seat and she hold to me
should the emergency require
something heroic to keep our
places on the vehicle in Uncle
Sam's service, in spite of the good
driver and his docile team. Upon
reaching Hotel Pritchard at half
past twelve o'clock and after a
refreshing bath and a few minutes
rest sitting down to the plentiful
dinner that had been waiting, I
realized to satisfying fullness,
that all is well that ends so well.

It was my good fortune to meet
Miss Lucy Kincaid and renew an
acquaintance that had been sus-
pended for several years owing to
her absence to other sections of
West Virginia and Kentucky,
pursuing her vocation as teacher.

She is an enthusiastic admirer of
the Kentucky people, among
whom she lived. She found in
Greenbrier and Kentucky, that a
teacher's life is about as much
worth living as she had found
it in Pocahontas previously, and
where she had gained much of the
experience so essential to her suc-
cess in the other places mentioned.

Saturday afternoon I walked up
to visit my namesake the Arsen-

ious Lithia Spring on the Prit-
chard Mill race and enjoyed copiously
of its pure water. In a lit-
tle while I was feeling light as a
feather, so invigorating I find
this wonderful spring to be in its
tonic effects. Several persons
came there the little while I was
present and carried home gallons
of the water for the use of their
suffering friends.

Sabbath morning wore a silent
weird like aspect so solemn was
the stillness that prevailed. The
skies seemed to sympathize with
the gloom that pervaded the com-
munity occasioned by the illness
of the good physician so widely
known and highly esteemed, I
would not miss it much, if I were
to say that there are scores of
people who believe they owe
many a ray to the skill of this
venerated physician, Dr. John
Ligon and several of them were
at the little church, for worship.

Sabbath school exercises, preach-
ing, ordaining a Rufing Elder and
a deacon and calling a pastor,
busily occupied an hour and a
half.

This edifice is in a convenient
location and is under the shade of
four beautiful trees, two of them
are maples, one a swamp oak and
the other a crab apple tree of
phenomenal proportions and in its
season beautiful as a dream with
foliage and perfumed flowers.

The busy loving hands that
planted these maples nearly fifty
years since are folded in sweet
rest in the burying grounds from
Glade Hill to McCutcheon's.

The ministers that officiated at
the dedication in August, 1857,
one is Dr. Barr, the octogenarian
pastor of a Charleston church, the
metropolitan Presbyterian church
of West Virginia. The preacher
of the sermon, Rev. Dr. Charles
See, whose birth place a few miles
away, now sleeps near Philippi
W. Va., his name goes down for
all time as one of the foremost
young Virginians that ever conse-
crated their lives and gifts to the
gospel ministry. His great grand-
mother, Mary Vance Waymark,
was one of the first to nourish
with prayers and tears, the Rose
of Sharon, when planted amid
these lovely vales and hills guard-
ed by the Alleghenies, more than
a hundred years ago.

Tender memories fill my
thoughts and touch my sym-
pathies as I recall a number of
burial scenes at the church and
in the vicinity when Mrs. Caroline
Warwick, Col. S. C. Pritchard,
Mrs. Woodie Moore and others
entered the gates of the beautiful
city of light leaving with us their
names to be ever embalmed with
our praises and our tears.

Sunday night quite a number
attended a lecture on the study
of prophecy.

Monday morning Marion Gum
took me in hand for the Sitlington
station, where it was my pur-
pose to pay my attached young
friend Lucy Adams a visit of two
or three hours.

Upon going to her house near
the tank I found it closed and as
I was about to turn away a lady
from the nearest house invited me
to come a wait for the train at
her home.

Mrs. Adams had been called
away to visit a sister dangerously
ill and would not return before
night if then.

Upon responding to my, at the
time, somewhat unknown friend,
I found when she introduced her-
self as Lemuel Walker's wife,
that we had been pretty well ac-
quainted several years previously.
There among the flowers and the
cozy comforts of an humble but
pleasantly by. While Lottie
Hoover as I formerly knew her
was busy with her performances
on the cooking range in another
part of the home, her invalid
mother and her only little boyman,
Bobby were my entertainers and
it was well done.

Bobbie is about four years of
age, and if he will be as smart in
1908 as he is now he will readily
pass as an up-to-date youngster,
the next Presidential year. Among
the first things he had me to see
was his money jug, in which he

puts his pennies. It felt heavy
enough to have three or four dol-
lars in it now, and soon as the
last nickel or penny be crowded
in the intention is to have it
brought to Marlinton and put on
deposit, until he is old enough to
attend Washington & Lee Univer-
sity or some other institution of
high standing.

The next thing was to look
over his collection of show pic-
tures he had picked up about the
station and what persons may
have given him. His greatest
treasure of the kind is an illustrat-
ed comic supplement, showing
how Leander, Lulu and Charley-
on-the-spot managed things at the
horse show. His talk was mostly
about "Charley-on-the-pot," the
letter S being too excused for his
use.

A dinner better than many a
prince, may deserve on his per-
sonal merits was served. Then a
smoke and siesta on a nice lounge,
I felt myself ready for the train,
let come early or late.

I had lost sight of the arrange-
ment made for the transportation
of the national guard to Hunting-
ton and was for a time at a loss
for a reason for extra coaches.

As I entered the coach I no-
ticed two men in what I took for
sportsman's costume in the ante-
room and then a little farther on
two or three more, in animated
conversation with some ladies.
It looked as if the sportsmen
might have better "jolly good
times" on the train, than they
might even hope to find in the
woods or along the streams, so
far as my first impressions went.

But upon going farther back
and happening to observe an
armed picket on duty at the door
of the extra coach, it all flashed
upon my mind what was up and
then I had a spell of war fever
very much like it was in 1860.

By the time Marlinton was
reached the spell had about cooled
off, but upon getting off I was
confronted by the Marlinton con-
tingent in line of March and mov-
ing in obedience to orders as loud
and thrilling as if about to rush a
battery and then I took a relapse
and had a bad spell of military
enthusiasm and felt as if I would
like to go along too, and have a
show in the cheers and waving of
handkerchiefs down the line.

The trouble with me is that
when danger is in evidence I have
but little use for a Jorgenson or a
sabre, what I hanker after then is
something to "cut dirt" with, as
one of Stonewall Jackson's illus-
trious staff officers would have
phrased it.

When the germs of military de-
lirium began to get in their work
then it seems to the leaders of
men, the highest wisdom, "in
peace prepare for war," "to pre-
vent emergencies, prepare for
emergencies." Such wisdom as
these phrases imply is on a par
with putting out fire with copious
supplies of coal oil.

W. T. P.

Clay Dreppard says he is
going to blacksmithing again—
it's his boy.

What does so much shoot
mean on Sunday along the road?
I would like for some of you Mar-
linton men to come up and
about it.

Miss Lillia Gibson is at her
on a visit from the West.

Mr. Crippen has never return-
ed yet.

Some of the people of
neighborhood attended the
meeting in Highland Saturday
and Sunday.

Rev. Pope delivered a
sermon at Mt. Vernon Sun-
day night.

We learn that the Bu-
church will be dedicated the
9th September.

Miss Mary Sharp has
three large rattlesnakes this
season.

Messrs. B. B. Williams,
Sharp and Amos Harold attend
the institute from this place.

We think the road bet-
ween Frost and Dunmore is very
why not work the road where
needs it, there is mud
nearly two feet deep, and
of them.

Bishop Potter's Saloon.

Bishop Potter, the head of the
Episcopal church in New York
has started a model saloon at the
corner of Bleeker and Mulberry
streets in New York City.

The object is to sell pure liquor
at a reduced price and to afford
the bibulous a respectable place
at which to buy their drinks.

It is based on the idea that if
people must drink they should
have a decent place to drink in.
The Bible says that no drunkard
shall enter the kingdom of Heaven
but there is no standard except
the one beyond our ken, that
marks a man as a drunkard. The
class extends all the way from the
boy who is taking his first drink
to the cast away who dies drunk
in the ditch.

Nothing is more common than
to see good clean men who are
reformed drunkards. Then Bishop
Potter accepting the drink evil as
a fact seeks by his model saloon
to raise the condition of the drink-
er by filling him with good drink,
and surrounding him with good
influences.

His efforts are not confined
to men alone. At the soda foun-
tain ladies can call for a glass of
beer. There are reading rooms
and texts and elevating pictures,
and good booze, and all is done to
the glory of God.

There are already 13,000 sa-
loons in New York city and one
more will probably not amount to
much either way, but it is our
opinion that the Bishop's saloon
will do more harm to mankind
than perhaps a dozen of the ordi-
nary kind. His is the place
that the boy will acquire his first
lessons in the art of boozing. It
will not startle him as would a
dive into the lower drinking
places. After he has acquired a
taste for the Potter brand he will
get booze where ever he can and
the Bishop will know him no more
As a recruiting station for the
army of drunkards the Bishop's
saloon will easily take the gold
medal.

Bishop Potter opened his sa-
loon with dedicatory exercises
singing, "Praise God From
Whom all Blessings Flow." All
we have to say he must have been
drunk when he did it. It is not
the act of Bishop Potter sober,
but Bishop Potter drunk.

The use of liquor is a luxury
and a vice. This is proven by
the fact that in a state like ours
practically all of the women re-
frain absolutely from the use of
intoxicants. They are healthy
happy and contented. They form
the backbone of society, and with-
out them the churches would not
live. A large per cent. of the
ills that man is heir too come from
use of liquor, but they are its de-
voted slaves, "And never blame
the booze."

The harm that Bishop Potter
will do is to teach young boys to
drink. He should not allow a
customer to enter unless he can
exhibit a hob nailed liver at the
door or a purple nose.

The good that the Bishop will
do will be to furnish reliable li-
quors guaranteed absolutely pure.
There is much in this for men
have in these degenerated days
actually killed themselves by drink
and never took a drink of real
whiskey.

There is a concoction made of
everything bad except distilled
spirits that if taken by a rabbit
will cause him to spit in a bull
dog's face. When men drink it
they are dangerous to themselves
and to society.

The chief of police of Cass said
to this writer the other day that
when his people used good liquor
that there was no trouble in town,
but that occasionally some one
would let loose a quantity of rot-
gut that seems to set every body
fighting and he had to subdue
them. Now if Bishop Potter will
see that only distilled spirits are
sold he will soon have the reputa-
tion that he desires and it will
be heralded far and near that
Bishop Potter's drunkards live
longer than any other brand even
if they do go to the place where
the worm dieth not and the fire is
not quenched.

HE WANTED THE MONEY.

John S. Wise Tells Why He Took
Negro Suffrage Cases.

Captain John S. Wise, of New
York, who was in Richmond last
week, gave out an exceedingly
interesting interview on the atti-
tude of the North toward the
negro, his own connection with
the suffrage suits, and on the
political situation, with a compar-
ison of the presidential candi-
dates.

The captain was in his usually
affable mood—talked with his
characteristic brightness and
breeziness, swinging from topic
to topic with rapidity, and dis-
cussing everything he touched
upon with striking candor and
apt and at times epigrammatic
phrases.

Asked whether his presence in
the city meant that the suffrage
case, designated to test the new
State Constitution, was to be
taken up again, Captain Wise
answered in the negative, stating
that he had a railroad case, in
which he was associated with a
relative, Attorney George Nelms
Wise, of Newport News.

He was asked if the suffrage
cases would come up again. He
replied: "Oh, yes, I suppose they
will be taken up some time."

Speaking of these cases, Cap-
tain Wise said:

"These Democratic papers said
when I took those cases that I
was after the fee, and that when
the money stopped I would stop,
too." After a moment's reflec-
tion Mr. Wise added: "Well, I
guess that isn't very far wrong. I
took the case as a lawyer, and for
a fee, and not through any mere
love for the negro. They wanted
a lawyer, and they were entitled
to employ one, and I took the
case."

Speaking of the deprivation of
the negro of his suffrage, he said
that the Republican party was
hypocritical in its attitude toward
the negro, and that Republicans
did not love the negro any more
than did the Democrats. It was
a mistake to suppose that the peo-
ple of the North advocated social
equality, he said. As a matter of
fact, the best people of the North
would not countenance such a
thing themselves. They only
wanted the negro to secure the
civil and political rights the Con-
stitution guaranteed him.

Congress and the courts are
handling the question like it was
a hot potato, tossing it back and
forth, and either unwilling to take
hold of it. The courts said it was
a political question, and in the
Virginia cases it was stated that
the object sought to be prevented
had already been attained. On
the other hand, when Congress
had the South Carolina cases
called to its attention it declared
that the questions presented were
judicial. Neither seemed inclined
to consider the cases on their
merits.

Referring to the disfranchise-
ment of the negro and the manner
in which the political parties were
winking at it, Captain Wise said:
"The negro will get a certain
measure of physical protection,
and protection of his property,
and that's about all he can hope
for."—Times-Dispatch.

A Bit of Sarcasm.

"In conclusion, sir, pray for
war—nobody can tell what great
things war will end in when once
begun. It might result in mak-
ing of your chief the Emperor
and Lord Protector of the West-
ern hemisphere." You would, of
course, at that event, as he ap-
parent, share his glory."—John
Shaple Williams to Henry G.
Davis.

Cost of Government.

The cost of government has
already increased under Republi-
can rule. The expenditures per
capita for the last years, respec-
tively of the administrations
given, taken from the report of
the Secretary of the Treasury,
were as follows: In 1860, under
Buchanan, \$2.01; in 1868, under
Harrison, \$5.77; in 1887, under
Cleveland, \$5.10; in 1901, under
McKinley, \$6.56; in 1903, under
Roosevelt, \$7.10.

A Soldier of Fortune.

Soldier of fortune was Col.
Prentiss Ingraham, author of over
1,000 novels, who died at the
Home for Confederate Soldiers at
Beauvoir, Miss., last-week. He
led a strenuous, reckless exist-
ence, crowding in less than 15
years, from 1861 to 1875, events
of military prowess in a meteoric
career that is perhaps unrivaled
in modern times.

Not yet 20, he joined the Con-
federate army, enlisting in
Loring's division of Mississip-
pians. He fought his way to
promotion until he received a
commission as colonel.

At the close of the civil war,
hearing that there was some sharp
fighting in Mexico, he went to
that country and offered his sword
to President Juarez and served
until Juarez finally succeeded in
entering the Mexican capitol, in
July, 1867. Col. Ingraham then
crossed the ocean and went to
Austria, which was at war with
Prussia, and was welcomed by
Baron Haussman and given a
place on the staff. He also served
in Egypt, Greece and India.

His most notable experiences
were when he was with the Sul-
tan's army fighting the Greeks in
Crete and wearing the insignia of
Pasha. At the conclusion of the
Greco-Turkish war Col. Ingraham
went to London and tried literary
work for the English papers, but
did not succeed. He then went
to Mobile and wrote many stories
for the New York publications,
and made a brilliant success with
his pen. His short stories and
sketches were mainly about India
and Egypt and had a touch of
weirdness about them which
struck the reader with an uncanny
feeling.

In 1869 he joined the expedi-
tion to Cuba and served in the
revolutionary army. He went
out on the Hornet and ran the
blockade several times.

Col. Ingraham dropped out of
sight for several years, and many
of his old friends believed he was
dead some time ago. The news
that he had become an inmate of
the Soldiers' Home in Beauvoir
and that his death occurred there
proved a complete surprise.—
Cincinnati Post.

Dunmore.

Lieutenant G. W. Siple is visit-
ing in town.

Mrs. George H. Moffett of
Parkersburg spent a week at her
old home recently.

H. M. Moore, Rev. D. M.
Brown and K. D. Swecker at-
tended the Conference at Ronce-
verte and the notification meeting
at White Sulphur.

Miss Rhoda Tracy of Travellers
Repose spent Sunday with friends
in town.

F. P. Moyers was in Baltimore
last week.

Undertaker Swecker furnished
a burial outfit recently for a little
child of Harry Taylor's, also one
for a child of Jesse Orndoff's near
Arbovale.

We understand that Mrs. Jas.
D. Kerr is quite ill.

Arther Noel has moved to Trav-
ellers Repose and will build the
bridge abutments.

Miss Grace Hevener and two
Miss Browns had a horse to run
away with them recently, Miss
Grace was badly hurt.

Another Verse Added to Tenting on

the Camp Grounds.

Thousands of people have been
singing for more than forty years
"Tenting on the old camp
grounds," and have been stirred
by its pathos and suggestion. So
popular has the song become, that
the original author, Mr. Walter
Kittredge, has added a new verse,
which brings the song up to date.

"This verse was written by Mr.
Kittredge under conditions which
are interesting. Coming to Bos-
ton from his home, Reeds Ferry,
N. Y., to attend the G. A. R.
encampment, he dropped in to
see his publishers. They informed
him that in order to obtain a re-
newal of his famous war song
copyright a verse should be
added.

Mr. Kittredge said he would
think about it. He went over to
the Common and beneath the
elms he was caught up by the
particular muse which presides
over song, and in ten minutes re-
turned to the publishers with an
extra verse written on the back of
an old envelope. It reads:

"The war is over on the old camp
ground,

After the fight of years.
The grass is waving o'er the
mound

Where our dear ones dropped
their tears."

Chorus—Our flag waves serene,
Over the green
After the tramp of years.

Old Hen Hatched Snakes.

A lady in Charles City county
is as mad as the proverbial wet
hen, all because of a sad mistake
made which has caused great ex-
pectations to evaporate. A few
weeks ago when two young ladies
were berry hunting they found
what they supposed to be a nest
of partridge eggs, and feeling
sorry for the mother bird, which
had left the nest, one of the young
ladies carried the eggs home and
put them under a hen. She
waited patiently for results, and
great calculations were made with
the money they were going to get
for the brood. While the young
ladies were seated in a hammock
Monday reading some love story
they were surprised to see the
setting hen cross the yard followed
by fourteen little snakes. They
had been hatched out of what was
supposed to be partridge eggs.

Then a scream went up which
hurried every member of the fam-
ily to the assistance of the hyster-
ical girls. Then a war with sticks
bricks, brooms and every con-
ceivable weapon was made with
deadly effect until the last snake
was killed. The hen which fought
to protect her strange family was
accidentally killed in the battle.

One of the young ladies who
was soon to wed a prosperous
young farmer has declared the
engagement off because he laughed
at the joke. So there are two
sad hearts forever parted, and the
field is strewn with the slain.—Ex

A Box Supper.